

Mother's Substitutes

BY EDNA S. KNAPP

"THERE'S the front door-bell and the telephone ringing together," called the pink twin, hastily sticking in a side comb. "I am all ready but how queer we didn't hear the motor, though Clare's new car does run very quietly. I will go to the door, Aileen, if you will answer the phone."

"Wait until I tie my sash; then I will," replied the blue twin, and the girls raced downstairs together.

The oval panel in the front-door disclosed to Annice's astonished eyes a beautiful face framed in fluffy white hair instead of Clare's merry countenance; and no gray car was in sight. The girl's heart smote her as she summoned a reluctant smile and opened the door. "To have Miss Mary Ann Remington come today of all days! We've simply got to be decent to her, but how can we give up our ride to Ninevah? All our class will be there, and we let Mother go to Benton for her College Anniversary and have done her work this whole blessed week," she thought rebelliously.

Annice held out her hand to the newcomer who grasped it cordially, then looked inquiringly about. Annice shook her head and pointed down the street, then to herself and to the slender pink figure still at the telephone.

Miss Mary Ann hesitated, then looked again at Annice, an appealing sort of glance. Annice answered it this time with a semblance of her own happy smile and laid gentle hands on the caller's wraps and took the small, black bag. Miss Mary Ann yielded like a satisfied child; indeed, her fresh complexion and serene, eagerly-expectant expression made



Lace Leaf

BY ELEANOR HAMMOND

Lace leaf, here on the Autumn mold,
Bleached by the sun and the Winter's cold,

Tiny, fan-shaped, skeleton thing,
Near a mushroom's side in a fairy ring—
Is it some fairy lady's fan
Left in the wood when the cold began?

her seem not unlike a white-haired child. Life had been kind to her despite deafness from birth.

Annice led the way into the living room and mechanically seated Miss Mary Ann in her favorite chair. Then the caller once more turned to the young hostess with that inquiring look.

Annice gathered herself swiftly together. "She wants to know where Mother is and when she will be back. Poor soul! I can't talk to her and since her eyes began to fail, she can read only

a little bit of writing and that as big as all outdoors. I know. I can print something." Seizing a sheet of paper, she printed clearly; "Mother in Benton, back tonight."

The guest's sunny smile answered this but she had to study the words some time before she deciphered them.

"You stay with us?" printed Annice again. "I hope not," she said to herself. "Still, we promised Mother we would do every single thing she usually did and do it cheerfully. We'd better remember our job if we substitute for Mother. She always thinks of other folks first."

Miss Mary Ann, who read this second message more slowly, nodded in response. Then Aileen turned and came toward them, giving one rapid glance out the front window. The pink twin shook hands with Miss Mary Ann who greeted her with real affection.

"Mrs. Canfield has telephoned to say that the Ladies' Aid will be short one cake for the food sale this afternoon and Mother has always made an extra loaf if needed," Aileen remarked soberly to her sister.

"They know they can depend on her," returned Annice proudly. She

added ruefully; "There is only one kind of cake we know how to make and be sure to have it good. Maybe we can dress it up to look pretty enough."

"It has to be good since we are taking Mother's duties," said Aileen. "I hadn't any idea what we were in for when we began this business." She was bending over Miss Mary Ann's knitting as she spoke and turned a questioning countenance to that lady. Miss Mary Ann held up her work, then made a sudden

"Rix rax ri
Lawrenceville High!
F. S. J. S.
Ki yi yi!
Wow, ugh, wow,
Wow, ugh, wow,
Lawrenceville High School
Rah, rah, rah!"

THE Lawrenceville school yell ripped out on the crisp November air in sharp, staccato notes. Jimmy Phelan, yell leader, ended a series of breathless gymnastics with a handspring, and dropped just outside the sidelines at the feet of the tense-faced group of Lawrenceville rooters.

The two elevens faced each other on the field, ready for the kick-off at the start of the second half of the Lawrenceville-Beverly game. Jimmy Phelan clenched his fists hard and his eyes singled out Number 7, his brilliant half-back brother, Judd Phelan, in whom the hopes of Lawrenceville High School were centered. The score stood 6-0 in favor of Beverly, and the Lawrenceville grandstands bore anxious, serious faces.

Could Judd pull the team through in the second half—it would be mighty dark for Lawrenceville if he didn't! Beverly had been Lawrenceville's deadly rival back in the time when Judd's grandfather had faced a mighty Beverly eleven, outweighing the Lawrenceville men almost ten pounds to the man! Grandfather Phelan had saved the day by rushing down the field for a spectacular touchdown in the last ten minutes of play—but now things were different.

Beverly still outweighed Lawrenceville, almost ten pounds to the man, but the day of mass formations and brilliant runs down the field was over. Beverly and Lawrenceville had fought for every yard on the field in the first half, and it had been like a tower of muscular strength battling a tower of indomitable will. Beverly had won its score only by a slow, inch by inch, march down the field toward their goal. Time and again, Lawrenceville had saved the game by kicking brilliant spirals, with the ten yards a physical impossibility. It had checked the advance of the Beverly goal plunge in many crucial moments of play, and the one cheering thought in the hearts of the Lawrenceville supporters, was that Beverly had failed to kick the goal.

The Lawrenceville-Beverly Cup had stood on the mantel of the Beverly School Athletic Room for two years now—and Lawrenceville felt that it simply had to get that Cup—it simply had to! Jimmy's knuckles shone whitely in his clenched fists and he shouted an encouraging "Atta boy Judd! Right down the field!" But all Lawrenceville and Jimmy felt in their heart of hearts—that it could not



The Fourth Down

BY J. S. WOOD

be "right down the field" against that tower of Beverly strength!

The Lawrenceville back zigzagged down the field to Beverly's thirty yard line and then was tackled hard by an avalanche of Beverly players. The spectators behind Jimmy Phelan groaned, and Jimmy felt a cold feeling in his heart which he downed by a brisk, cyclonic yell that gave no trace of the Lawrenceville discouragement.

If only Judd could get started—if only he could shoot through the Beverly guards, and, free of their deadly tackling, sprint down the field and over the line! Jimmy, in his mind, keenly tuned to Judd's, knew that the half-back must be searching desperately for just such a chance.

The two teams surged back and forth on the field, passing the ball back and forth, neither side being able to make a first down, and the line of the second half sped on. Then suddenly, Judd spied the loop-hole he had been seeking. A Lawrenceville man fumbled, the ball rolled almost into Judd's hands, and he scooped it up, and side-stepping the Beverly's guards, was off and running down the length of the field. He ran quite close to the Lawrenceville sidelines and he could see their waving banners, and hear their shrill cries—then with a backward fling of his head, he saw that one of the fastest Beverly tackles was hot on his trail.

Judd bent forward and plunged desperately ahead. He heard the thunder of hob-nail shoes close behind, but kept his eyes on the goal line, only twelve yards beyond.

The arm of the Beverly right tackle swung around his shoulder, but he shook it off and lunged ahead. Suddenly he was down on the ground—so quickly, that he had hardly felt the pressure of the tackle's foot, it had been so slight.

"Tripping," he thought hotly. "Tripping, and the goal line just ahead!"

The ball was pillowed tightly in Judd's arms when the referee came up, and he called the teams into position before Judd could protest.

"Time?" called the referee to the timekeeper.

"Five minutes!" rang back the answer across the field.

The Beverly right tackle evaded Judd's accusing eyes and slipped into position.

"Good boy, Judd," Sawyer, the Lawrenceville captain hissed in his ear. "Tripping—but we'll win yet!"

The entire Lawrenceville team, their minds keyed to the unfair play, stiffened their backs ready to fight in righteous wrath, for every inch.

The ball was put in play and Harvey, the full-back, made five yards through center.

"Second down, five to go!" shouted the referee, as Lawrenceville charged for five yards.

On the next play, Harvey was thrown for a loss of five yards and the Lawrenceville crowd groaned. Standing ten yards from the goal line, directly in front of the uprights, Judd stood undecided whether to rush again, or to try for a field goal, and eliminate a white-wash; but the memory of his grandfather flashed through his mind, and gritting his teeth, he called for Sawyer, the left half-back to go through left tackle. Sawyer, received the perfect pass, but suddenly looking up, saw the cowardly right tackle of the Beverly team rushing straight at him. At the extreme right of the line, he saw Judd with a tortured expression on his face. Sawyer hesitated for the fraction of a second—did he dare take the chance?—then with a mighty heave he threw the ball directly into the arms of Judd who whirled in his tracks and made straight for the line.

The whistle blew. The referee pulled the mass of arms and legs apart, and waved his arm. The ball was two inches across the line!

The Lawrenceville side-lines were in a bedlam . . . one minute left, but the ball was kicked over the bar, straight between the goal-posts, and the score 7-6—in favor of Lawrenceville.

The horns of Lawrenceville rooters blared, cheers and ear-splitting whoops

crowded the tangy, autumn air. Jimmy Phelan wormed his way through the crowd to Judd's side.

"Talk about the 'old fight,'" he grinned proudly. "I guess we downed Beverly . . . —and that tricky tripper—and that Cup won't have any smirches on it either, when we get it!"

(Continued from Page 14)

motion as if washing her face. Aileen nodded, then Miss Mary Ann took from her bag a small blue case, rubber-lined, and produced a finished wash cloth. She presented this to Aileen, then showed a pink case and pointed to her work. The girls had expressed thanks and admiration in pantomime just as the expected automobile slid smoothly up to the door. Immediately Clare Leighton's gay voice called, "Here we are, hurry up, girls!"

Annice ran out onto the porch, her expressive face plainly showing something was wrong. "I am so sorry," she began.

"Sorry for what? Evidently you are all ready, but where is the other half of you?"

"We have unexpected company come for the day," went on Annice, ready to cry at the pleasure she must miss.

"Your mother can entertain 'em," said Clare carelessly.

"Mother is away and it isn't them, it's her." Annice was too much in earnest to be grammatical.

"Bring her along, we always enjoy your friends," spoke Mrs. Leighton cordially from the wheel.

"It's Miss Mary Ann Remington; this is the only place she will go alone and she is such an old friend of the family. We made Mother go to her College Anniversary and we are trying to take her place. So we've got to give her friend a pleasant day, for Mother's sake. Miss Mary Ann's eyes are falling now and the poor thing has few pleasures."

"You girls are a pair of dears. We will go again some time soon," promised Mrs. Leighton kindly as they whirled away.

In the house Miss Mary Ann was looking at the photographs of the Class of 19—; she knew those of the twins. Indeed she recognized most of the faces. Then Aileen took her out to see the strawberry bed and the rose-garden while Annice essayed the cake. The two picked some berries and Miss Mary Ann accepted a saucerful at once. "Thank goodness, she likes to eat!" reflected the twins.

"Shortcake for lunch?" Annice printed and the eager acceptance was prompt. "That is the only other company dish we know how to cook," said Annice to her sister.

The gift cake came from the oven brown and shapely except for one edge that was undeniably black. The twins surveyed it, wondering if it could ever be made to appear worthy of Mother's reputation as a cook.



"Hateful old cake to go and burn," groaned Annice, shaking her fist at it.

"Mother does stunts with a paper cone and frosting," remarked Aileen hopefully. Miss Mary Ann watched them keenly, turning from their perturbed faces to the damaged cake and back again.

"Ladies' Aid cake; needs frosting," printed Annice in larger letters than before.

The words seemed to have a curious effect on the guest who went straight to where Mother's kitchen apron hung, donned that, folded a paper in imitation of a pastry bag and looked inquiringly toward the pantry. Aileen merely stared but Annice brought frosting sugar and other essentials; then the two looked on while Miss Mary Ann turned the cake into a snowy vision of beauty. She stopped frequently to enjoy their evident admiration and beamed at them both as Annice kissed her while Aileen put the decorated cake carefully away.

"It's the loveliest thing I ever saw. I didn't know a cake could be so pretty," cried Annice.

"To think she could do fairy work like that," exclaimed Aileen in wonder, not knowing how dainty was their guest's handiwork in many household ways.

Lunch and the dishwashing were a merry game, then together they picked bouquets for the Flower Mission. Miss

Mary Ann understood the meaning of baskets and scissors at once and was happy to help.

"We are getting along with her better than I feared," Annice confided to Aileen, "though I do wish she hadn't come. There have been several pauses when I have not had the faintest idea what we could do next."

"I never have," confessed Aileen. "I didn't believe it was so hard to entertain her. Suppose we were in her place!"

Annice groaned at the thought. "I feel so helpless and she is so happy and quiet, just smiling that lovely smile of hers, like some child having a good time and wondering what joyful surprise will follow."

"I know it. She is so confident that we will have something ready. It would hurt Mother terribly if Miss Mary Ann didn't have a good time," added Aileen.

They left the flowers at the Mission, then their guest took the road back to the Belding home.

"She is going to stay all day as she does with Mother," lamented Annice.

"We haven't showed her our graduation presents," suggested Aileen.

"Those will last about a minute; she is so terribly quick. Some of the ideas I think will last a long time are gone in a glance, a smile and a nod," answered Annice sadly.

(Continued on Page 35)

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Little Frosty Eskimo

BY THE EDITOR

DO you know the lines from Robert Louis Stevenson's book, *A Child's Garden of Verses*, from which the title of this article is taken? They begin this way:

"Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,

Little frosty Eskimo,

Little Turk or Japanee,

O don't you wish that you were me?"

Now the little Eskimo doesn't wish anything of the kind, of course. He loves his home in the region of snow and cold, just as you love yours, wherever you may be. They have summer in that northern land, too, and flowers bloom in abundance, although the season is short. In winter mail goes to Nome and the surrounding districts by dog teams, over long stretches of ice. In spring and summer it is carried on a Government steamboat named the "Cutter Bear."

Last spring we published a letter in our Beacon Club letter-box from Warren Merritt asking for story books for the Eskimo children. Some books were sent, and the letter below tells how they were received. Can you not see the "little frosty Eskimos" enjoying the books sent them by unknown friends in America? Mr. Merritt is a miner who uses his leisure time in teaching and reading to the Eskimo children. Books—the very best story picture books we can find—sent now, will no doubt arrive in time for Christmas. The Editor hopes many readers will start their Christmas giving now, and in this way. Here is Mr. Merritt's letter:

Bluff via Nome, Alaska

July 18th, 1924

To the Beacon Club,
My Dear Editor:

I have just received your letter dated April 17th. This time it was not the fault of the dog teams that it took so

long for your letter to reach me. All our first mail in the spring is brought to us on the "Cutter Bear," a Gov. steamboat. When the "Cutter" was not far off from Nome, she was overtaken by the heavy ice, and was carried away to the Far-Arctic, where she remained for over two months.

I received two packages of books from Beacon Club members, and it would do the givers' hearts good to see how the little Eskimo "Tots" enjoyed them. You see some of the older children have attended the Gov. schools here. These schools are truly fine, and the children learn very quickly, so the older children read these books to the younger ones, and their papas and mammas listen in and are even more interested than the children. I am having the children gather and press flowers for the gifts of books and pictures they have so kindly sent, and I will add some views of the children, so you can see just how happy they look. In the large mining centers there are churches and schools, but in the outlying districts, like Bluff and a great many places, all the way from 50 to 300 miles away, the children do not have the advantages of churches and schools. This is where the books do the real good. There is always some one to read for them. These children like the pictures, and then they like to hear about the pictures.

Thanking you over and over again for gifts of books

I am very truly yours,

WARREN MERRITT

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Bobby Bear's Rhyme Corner

The Busy Clock

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR
"Tick-tock!"

Says the clock,

"How much work I have to do.

Day by day

I wag away

Just to tell the time to you.

Here I stand,

Either hand,

Held before my face so shy;

One to show

The hours that go,

One the minutes as they fly."

Tick-tock,

Good old clock,

For we need you all the time,

And we like

To hear you strike,

With your merry, ringing chime.

Flavors

Why can't days taste, I want to know,
Like cold, blue mint drinks capped with snow,

Or russet apples spiced with clove?
They do, for I've tasted, and I know!

A woman of fame

Is this jolly dame

Who quite puts to shame

Old Mistress Hubbard

When seeking a cup-

board!



The Beatley Memorial Fund

Not all of *The Beacon* readers know what their fathers and mothers, and grandmothers and grandfathers know about Clara Bancroft Beatley, and we are going to repeat here a short account of her life and work as it was given in the *Christian Register* of November 1, 1923.

Mrs. Beatley was born in Shirley, Mass., Jan. 12, 1858, was educated at the Bridge-water Normal School, and was for several years a successful teacher. In 1887 she married another teacher, James A. Beatley, for thirty years eminent in the English High School of Boston. She was a woman who fully justified her belief in 'Salvation by Character,' one of the 'Five Points' of the faith which she so ardently supported and so nobly exemplified.

She was an able writer, a fluent and sensible speaker, and had rare taste as a compiler, evidenced in the publication of her 'Apples of Gold' and 'Forget-me-Not,' while her work in preparing lesson courses and special services for Sunday Schools received a wide appreciation in her own denomination and in others.

An able advocate of 'Women's Rights,' she was equally concerned for the rights of men and especially of children, and every appeal from the suffering and unfortunate found a quick response in her generous affections. Yet, with all her interest in social philanthropies and public affairs, her own home always had the first place in her consideration, and her four finely-reared children have abundant reason to 'rise up and call her blessed.'

Evening Lullaby

BY MARTHA YOUNG

The Wind has a Baby,

Its name is Breeze;

She rocks it to sleep in the tops of the trees—

Bye, Breeze, oh, bye!

The Sea has her Children,

Ripple and Wave;

They nestle to sleep in the Ocean's cave—

Bye, Wavelets, bye!

The Sky has her Bairnies,

She calls them Stars;

They wink and they blink through the cloudy bars—

Bye, Twinklers, bye!

And here is a Baby,

Bye, Baby, you

Like Breeze, Wave and Starlet are sleepy, too—

Bye, Baby, bye!

(Continued from Page 33)

"Mother entertains her; we have to somehow," replied Aileen sturdily.

Miss Mary Ann had finished the facecloth before the pause which the girls had so dreaded, came upon them. Their friend was still alert, her bright face turned expectantly toward them. Annice and Aileen looked at each other, then at her, their faces expressing goodwill but utterly blank of ideas. Miss Mary Ann waited patiently, then slowly her eager smile faded; she began to look troubled and to glance at the clock.

"It is only four and she always stays until five," said Annice.

"Mother will think we failed in our duty," groaned Aileen.

"I don't know what to do," admitted Annice, with tears in her eyes.

"Perhaps I can find something." Aileen was stirred to unusual thoughtfulness by the emergency.

The guest had risen and was reluctantly putting on her wraps, with many a backward glance at the sober face of Annice who stood near her. Still hesitating, Annice got her own hat, preparing to walk home with Miss Mary Ann as Mother always did when Aileen rushed in brandishing a catalog.

"Here's the mute alphabet; do you suppose she would teach it to us?"

"Everything went merry as a marriage bell after that," confided Annice to her mother who arrived at half-past five. "We walked home with her and we actually talked a little on the way."

"You generally do," remarked Mother with dancing eyes.

"We talked her way," explained Aileen. "And she said she enjoyed herself and was coming again soon."

"We couldn't go to Ninevah with the Leightons today, and it hurt awfully at first; but I don't care so much now that she had a nice time," went on Annice.

"It isn't easy to be good, Mother-sweet, but it makes you feel sort of good inside of you," said Aileen slowly, trying to express a feeling that was both new and pleasant.

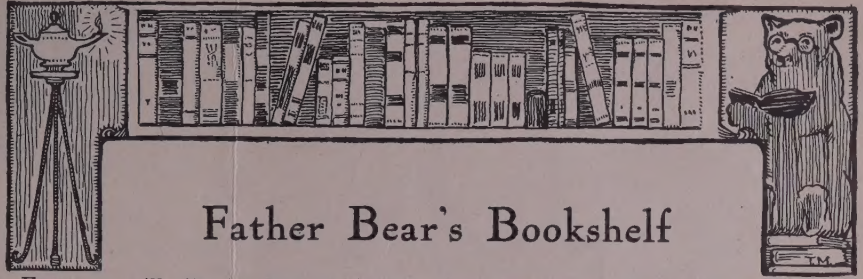
Mother smiled radiantly at them. "You are my own good girls whom I can always trust," she said as she hugged them.

Rest

BY DOROTHY COLLINS

The sky lies still in the lap of the moon
And the earth in the roots of a tree,
The lark's asleep in the moonlit field,
The child on his mother's knee.

Everything sleeps, the stars and the bees,
And the breathing sheep on the lee,
And the brook is singing a lullaby
Down from the hills to the sea.

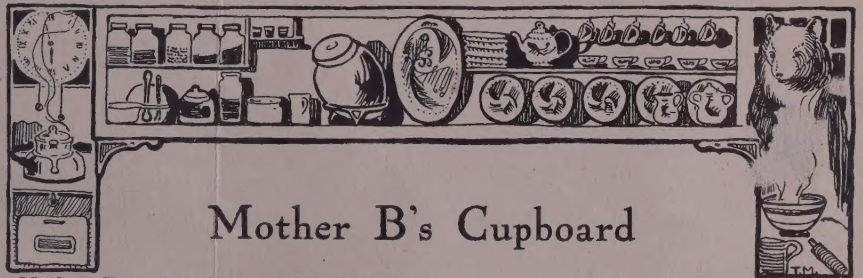


Father Bear's Bookshelf

Everyone will like "A Boy at Gettysburg;" big or little, members of the Grand Army of the Republic, and all book-loving boys and girls. While Father Bear has put this book on *The Beacon* readers' bookshelf, it is well within the reach and enjoyment of their fathers and mothers, not to mention their grandmothers and grandfathers. It is a well-told tale of the events and incidents in the life of Carl Mottern, a young lad of Gettysburg who lived with his grandfather in an old saw-mill on the outskirts of Gettysburg. How Carl and his grandfather helped negroes to escape to freedom through their Underground Railway, how Carl passed through the bombardment and bitter fighting in Gettysburg, how he rendered the Union forces a great service although he was treacherously wounded by a spy, and how Carl realized the supreme moment of his life when he heard his idol, Abraham Lincoln, deliver the Gettysburg Address—are related in the story in a convincing, highly interesting fashion. A BOY AT GETTYSBURG. Elsie Singmaster. Houghton Mifflin Company. Boston. \$1.75 net.

"Carl and the Cotton Gin" is one of those stories, that is doubly interesting;

both because of its likable book characters, and the interesting, easy way it imparts knowledge about a fascinating subject—the cotton gin. Carl McGregor, lanky, mischievous, and easy-going, was the oldest son of the Widow McGregor's large family of children. He detested school and longed to work in the big cotton mills. Through Uncle James Frederick Dillingham, the Alladin of the family, a magical world of knowledge was opened up to Carl. He learned the history of the cotton gin from the time of Eli Whitney to the present highly specialized process. In an exciting entanglement of adventures, Carl unknowingly tells Mr. Coulter, the very owner of the big Coulter cotton mills, the sorely needed reforms that the mills should have. At the end of the last chapter we find Carl facing a bewildering array of offers for his future. Shall it be college, or a sea voyage with Uncle Frederick, or a career in the mills? The book doesn't tell us, but from the skilful presentment of the cotton mills industry in the story, we rather hope that Carl elects it as his life profession. CARL AND THE COTTON GIN. By Sara Ware Bassett. Little, Brown and Company. Boston. \$1.65 net.



Mother B's Cupboard

Mother Bear has been cooking busily all week, and such savoury, tempting smells as steal from her cupboard!

Oyster Shortcake

Mix 2 cupfuls of flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one-half teaspoon of salt and sift thoroughly. Work in one-half cup of shortening with the finger tips and add three-quarters of a cup of milk gradually. Place on a floured board, divide in two parts, pat lightly, and roll out; put in two shallow, greased pans and bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes. Spread with butter. Moisten two tablespoonfuls of corn starch with one-quarter of a cup of cream and put in a pan with one quart of oysters and seasonings. Cook for a few minutes and then pour one-half over the first layer of the cake, and one-half over the second layer of the cake.

Brownies

Cream 6 tablespoonfuls of melted butter with 1 cupful of flour, add 2 eggs well beaten, 2 squares of chocolate dissolved in boiling water, a little salt, one-half cupful of flour, 1 teaspoon of vanilla, and 1 cupful of chopped walnut meats. Divide the mixture and spread thin in 2 square, greased tins, and bake in slow oven about 25 minutes. Cut into strips when cool.

Hurry Up Cake

Sift one and one-half cups of flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, salt, and three-quarters of a cup of sugar into a bowl. Put the whites of 2 eggs into a measuring cup, add 4 tablespoonfuls of butter, and fill the cup with milk. Add to the dry mixture one-half teaspoonful lemon extract and one-half teaspoonful of almond extract and beat six minutes. Bake 45 minutes in floured, greased tin.



A bonny good-day to you all! I hope that it is a sunshiny Sunday in Wyoming, Canada, Michigan, Minnesota, Ohio, and Massachusetts! My letter-box is as full as ever, and here are four nice letters to tell you that:—

OCEAN BLUFF, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I am a little girl 10 years old. I go to Grace Chapel Sunday School. My teacher's name is Miss Peterson and our minister's name is Rev. Granville Pierce. Please send me a Beacon Club pin.

Yours truly,

MURIEL PUBLICON

5581 ENRIGHT AVE.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Dear Miss Buck:—I am a girl in the Church of The Messiah. I am eleven years old. This morning we had a little play about what we had been studying. I wish I could join The Beacon Club. I am so interested in *The Beacon* that I keep the papers and am going to make a book out of them.

Sincerely yours,

MARY F. EMBRA

7 BODWELL ST.,
SANFORD, MAINE

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like very much to become a member of The Beacon Club and wear its button. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School where I receive *The Beacon* every Sunday, which I enjoy very much. I am fifteen years old and a Sophomore in High School. I would like to have some girls of my age write to me.

Your friend,

MARY L. ADAMS

163 BOWEN ST.,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Dear Miss Buck:—I belong to the Sunday School which is connected with the First Congregational Church (Unitarian) of which Rev. Augustus Lord is minister. I am thirteen years of age and belong to a class of seven boys. Our teacher is named Miss Helen Robertson. Our lesson today was on "Helpfulness." I have been considering writing to you for a good many weeks. I would be very glad to join and to wear the club button, and I sincerely hope that our class will all join.

Your sincere would-be-member,

ALEX. M. BURGESS

Beatley Memorial Fund

Contributions through *The Beacon* now stand as follows:—

| | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------|
| Margaret B. Beatley | \$ 5.00 |
| Editor of <i>The Beacon</i> | 5.00 |
| Disciples School, Boston | 19.10 |
| Total | \$29.10 |

Dear Cubs:

We have but one story in our column this week, "Marjorie Starts School," by Edith B. Paige. We feel that it is very worthy of The Beacon Club Award, and know that all of you will feel as we do!

"Marjorie Starts School"

BY EDITH B. PAIGE

Poor little Marjorie felt very much afraid and lonesome the first morning that she set out for the new school she was to attend. She was a little French girl and although she could speak a little English, all her playmates had been French children, and she had left them behind in Quebec.

Her mother and father had tried to comfort her and Marjorie promised to be brave and to remember that God was watching over her. Still, her heart was beating fast when her father left her alone with the principal.

"Wait here a minute, Marjorie," said the gentleman kindly. "I am going to see about a place for you."

"Oh," thought the little stranger, "he'll tell them all about me, and they will stare so!" Then the principal returned and in another minute, Marjorie found herself in the big schoolroom. Then, why, Marjorie suddenly felt all her fears slipping away. Nobody seemed to be looking at her except two little girls who sat near her, and they were smiling so kindly that Marjorie just had to smile back.

At recess she found these two new little friends were taking fine care of her. In fact everything went just beautifully. It was not long before she learned what had made things so nice for her. Marion told her one day.

"The principal told us you were French and we must not think you were different from us 'cause there was one big reason that made you like us. Then he asked how many of us were Unitarians, and a lot of us raised our hands; and the principal said you were, too, and that now you belonged here."

"So I guess, Mamma," said Marjorie when she told her mother about it, "that what you belong to—counts!"

"Yes, and whom you belong to, dear," said her mother. "When you love Jesus, you may always be sure of a welcome from him."

SOME MORE BRAIN TICKLERS

ANAGRAMS

Answer these by Anagrams:

Our strongest "armaments"?

Where did we buy "our fancy mat"?

A common and much-appreciated "dose at meat shop"?

Where did a man seek to discover his "hidden treasure," a dish-cover?

What command should an "elephant" be given?

20th Century Standard Puzzle Book

ENIGMA

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 13-9-20 is a kind of poultry.

My 1-17-3-4 is a boy's nickname.

My 8-6-11-15-12 is a boy's name.

My 10-19 is a negative expression.

My 7-14 is a shortening of the word mother.

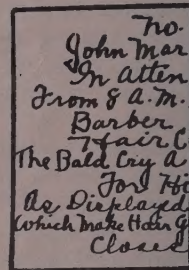
My 7-5-3-9 is a distance.

States.

PAULINE JONES

ON THE SHUTTERS

The left part of a shutter blew open. Guess what the right said.



20th Century Standard Puzzle Book

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 5

ENIGMA—Philippines.

TWISTED MOUNTAINS—Name, Alps, Caucasus, Pyrenees, Cantabrian.

GOLDILOCKS' CORNER

How to Make a Bookshelf

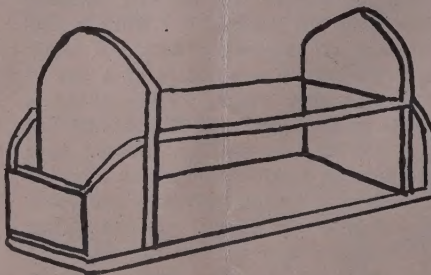


Fig. from *The Amateur Carpenter*

Select one-half inch material of wood that will take a stain easily—oak, maple, or cherry. Use as a base, 7 inch wood, 24 inches long. Plane the ends and edges smooth and half-round, and at 2 1-2

inches from each end saw a straight line across the board about an inch deep. Saw another line on the inner side at 1-2 in. from them and cut away wood between lines with a chisel, leaving 2 grooves 1-4 inch deep, 1-2 inch wide. The 2 upright end pieces should be 10 inches high and 6 3-4 inches wide, with the upper ends neatly rounded into form. Five inches from the square ends of these pieces make grooves 1-2 inch wide, 1-4 inch deep; then the shelf, which should be 18 1-2 inches long and should have the edges rounded and be 7 inches wide. Smooth and drill 2 holes through each of the grooves in the bottom piece and countersink the holes on the lower side, opposite the grooves. The pockets are composed of 3 pieces for each pocket, 2 pieces 2 1-2—4 inches in, with one end cut and the third piece, 6 3-4—3 inches. Bore holes from bottom of the base and piece close to the edges and ends, and with glue and screws, fasten the pockets together and in place. Glue on the end pieces, and the shelf—in the grooves in the end pieces. It is advisable to stain all the parts before joining them together.